



all new

TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM

a Hanna-Barbera Production

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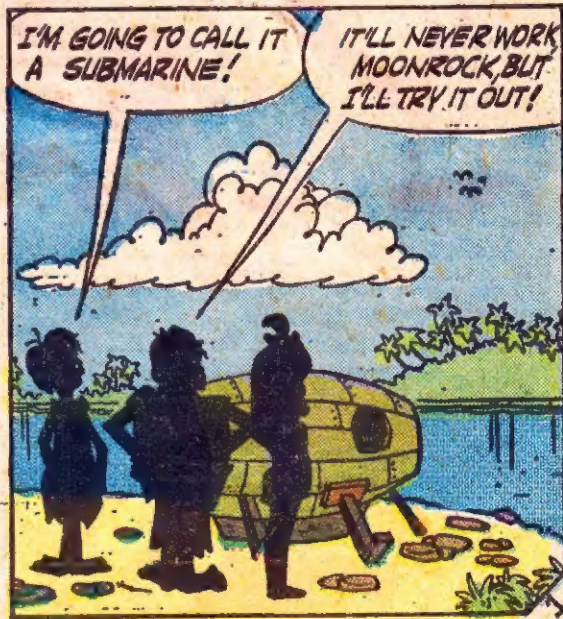
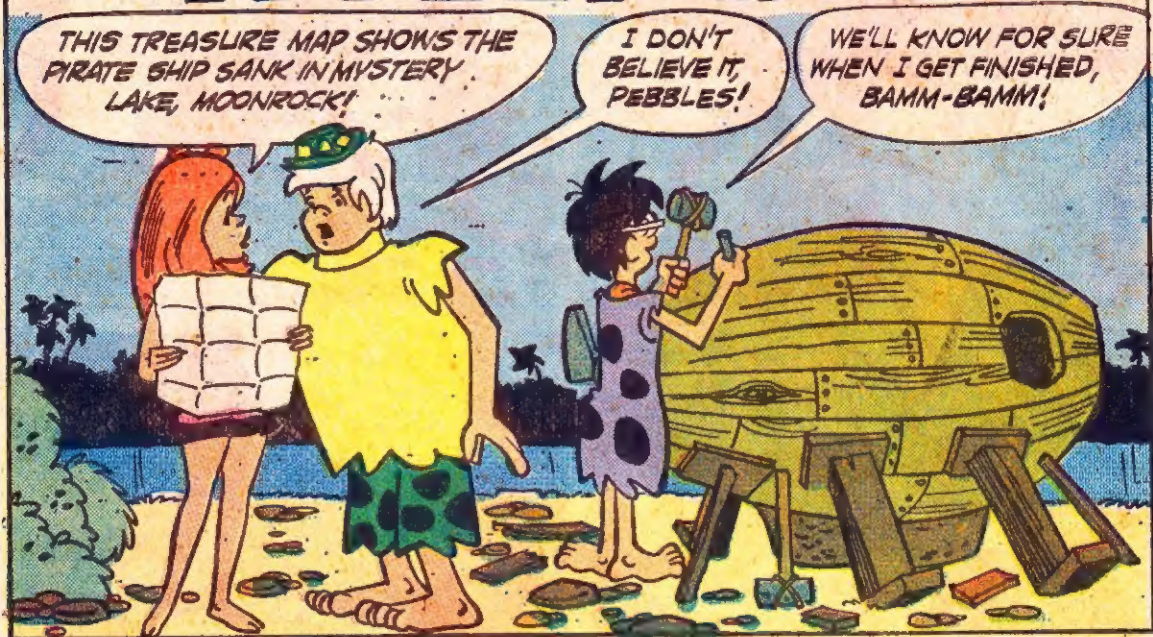
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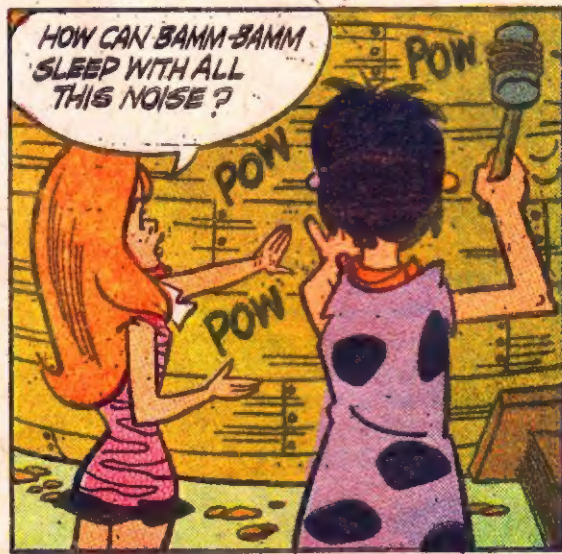
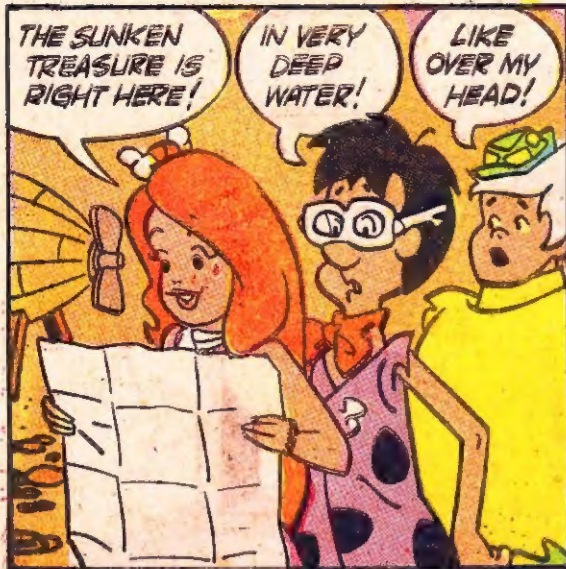
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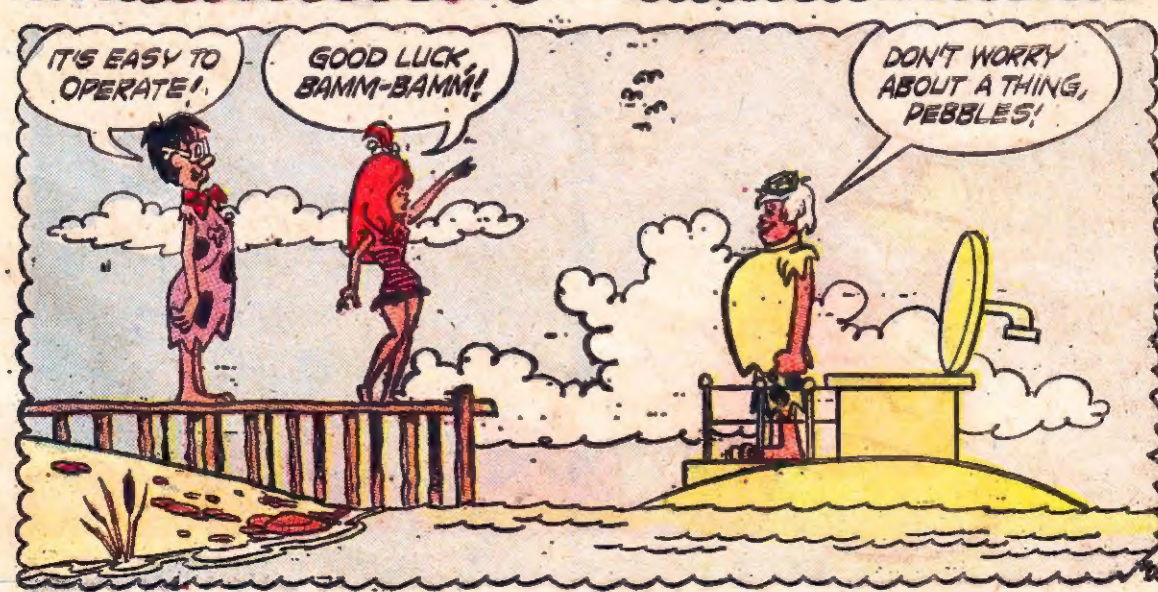
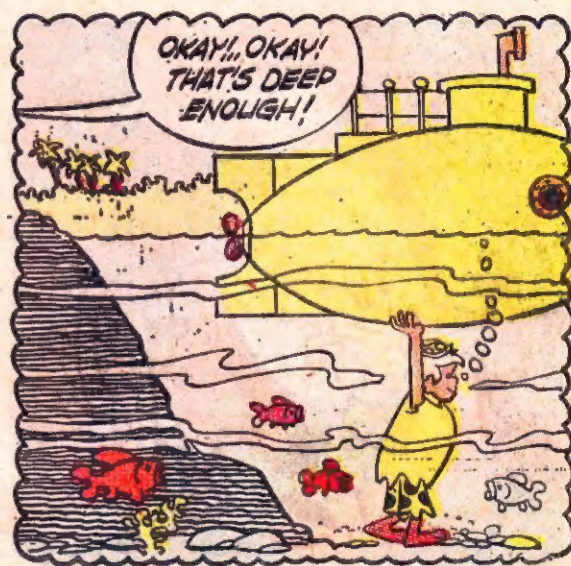
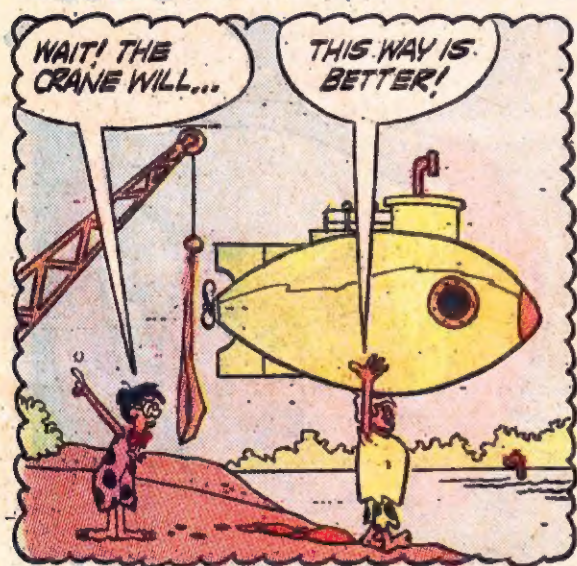
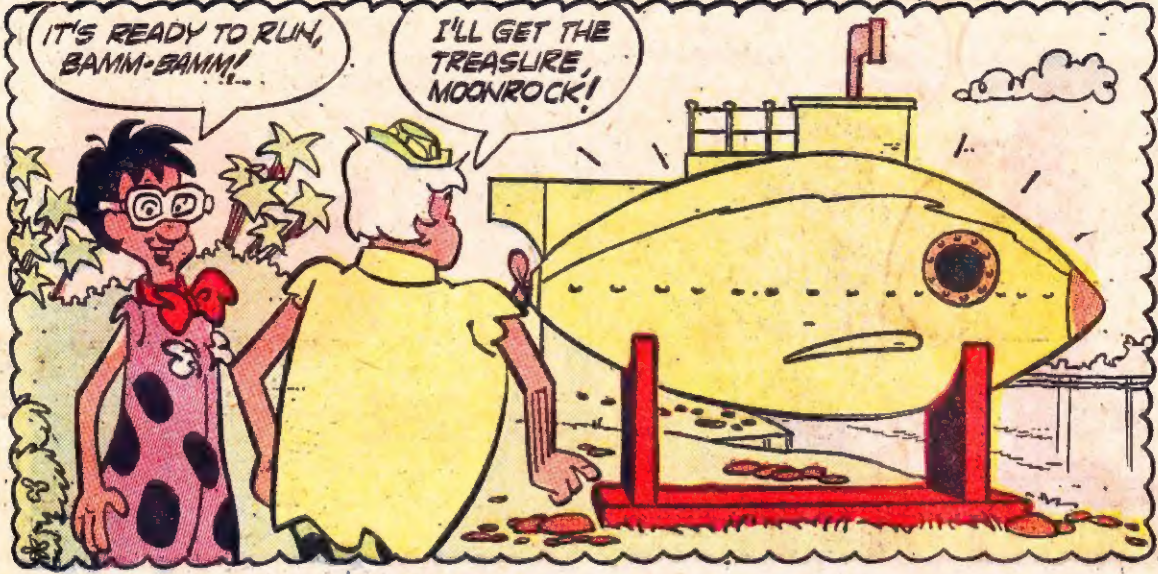
TEEN-AGE

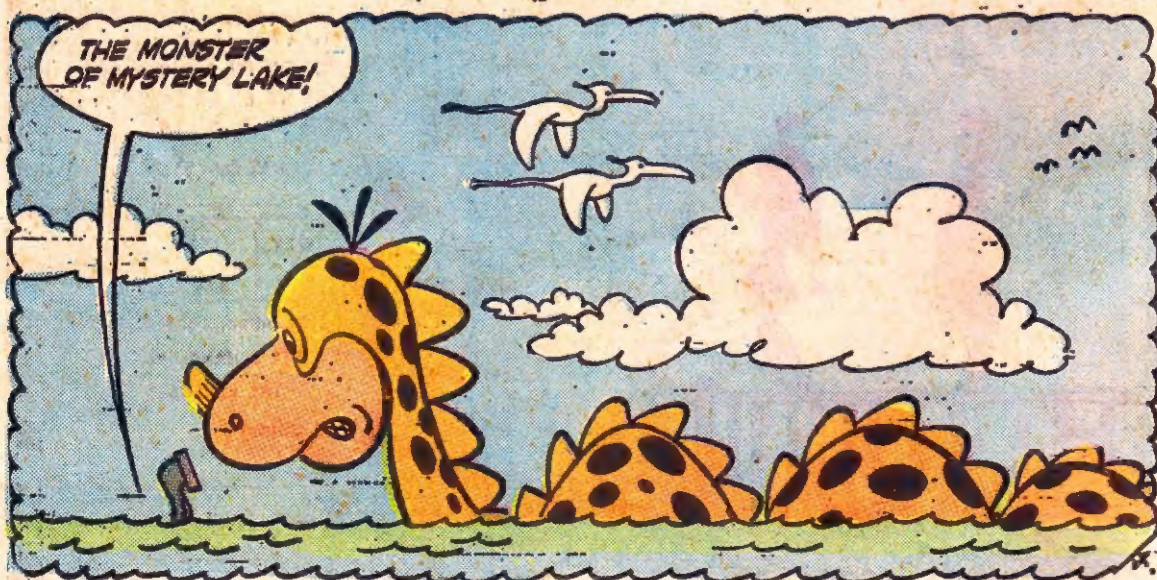
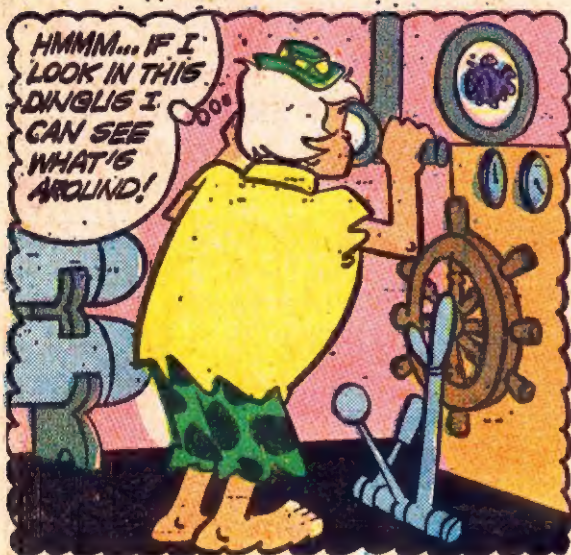
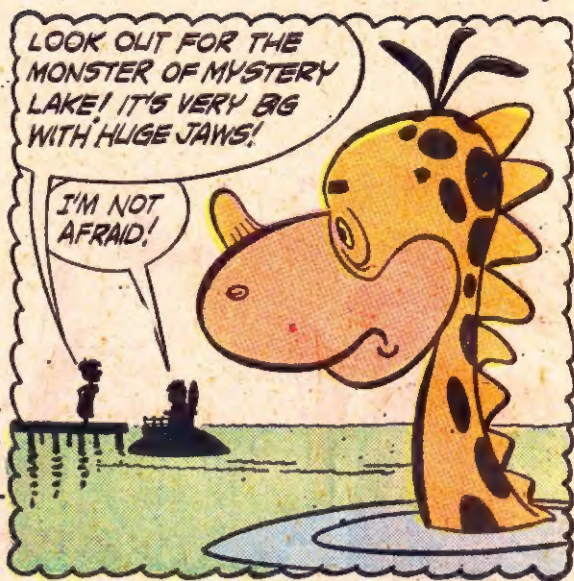
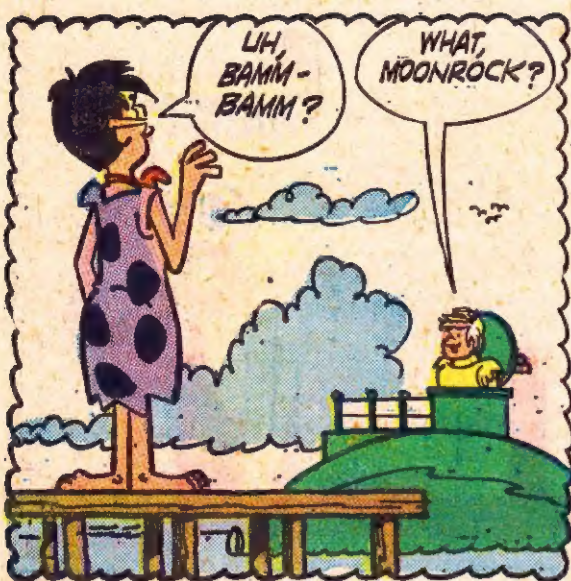
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "A DEEP TALE"

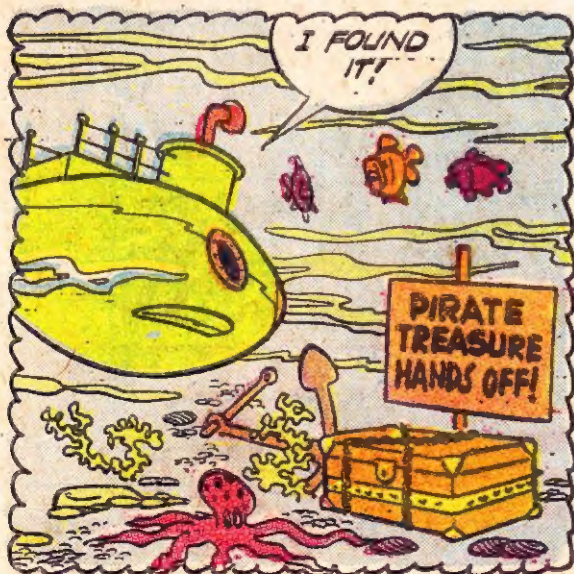
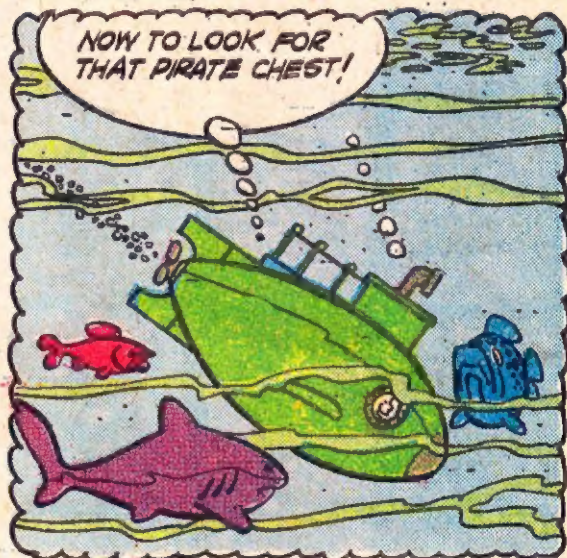
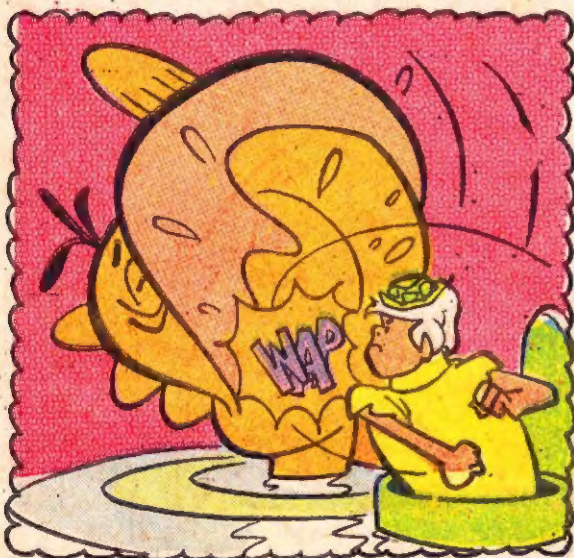
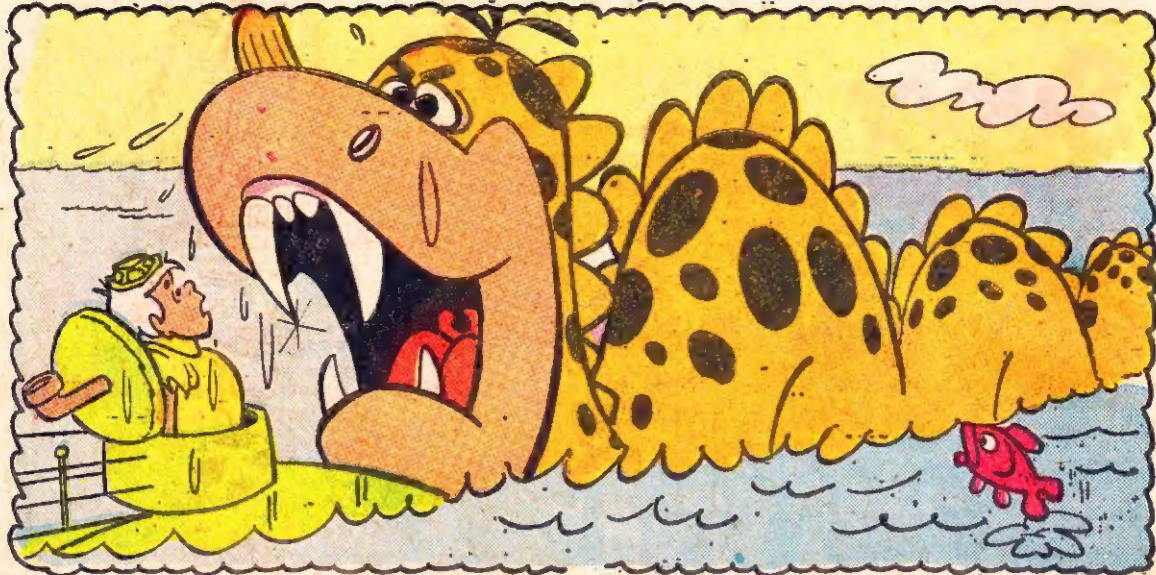


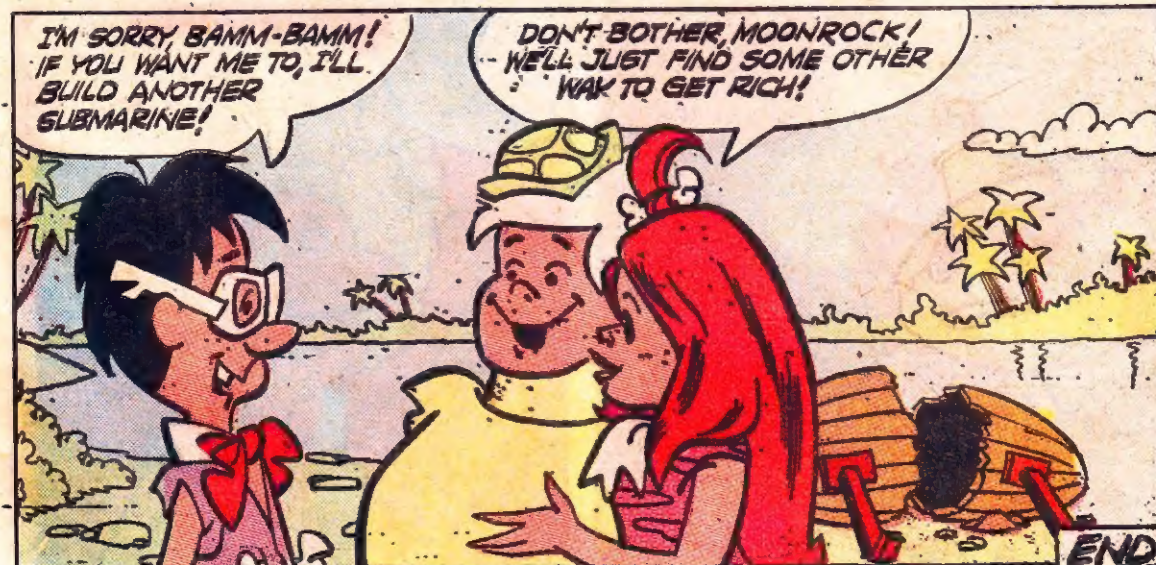
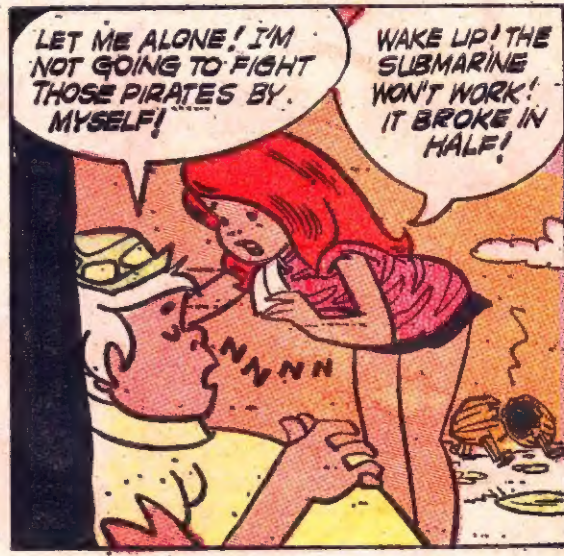
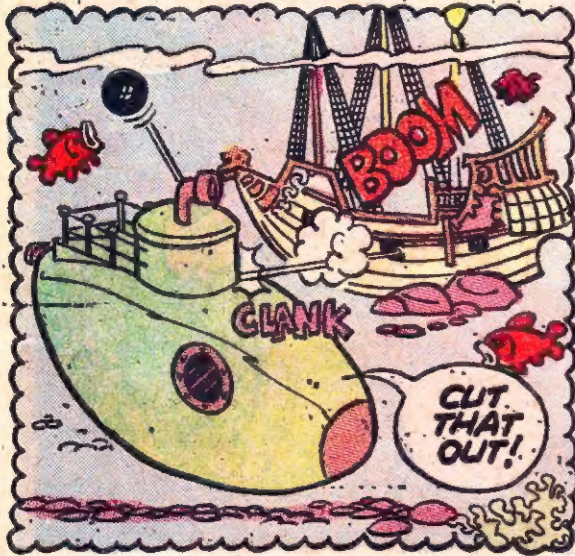
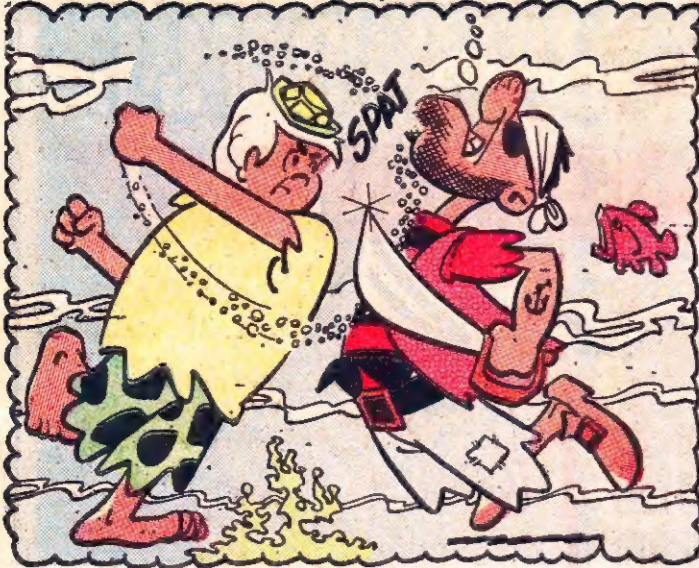
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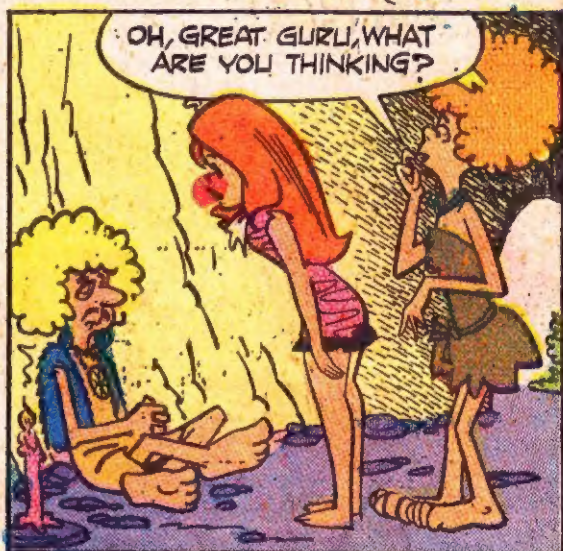
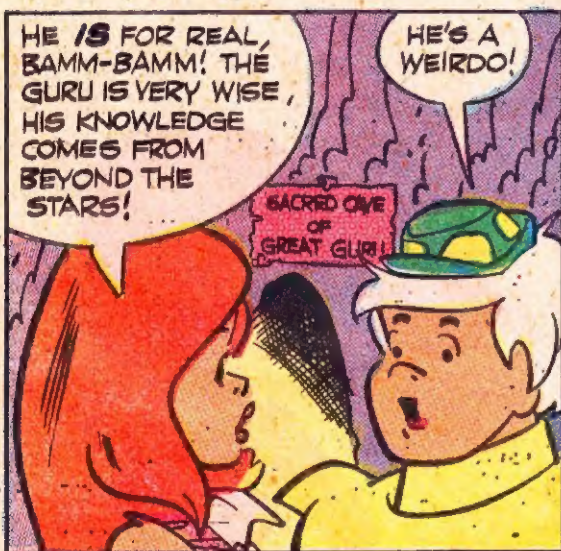
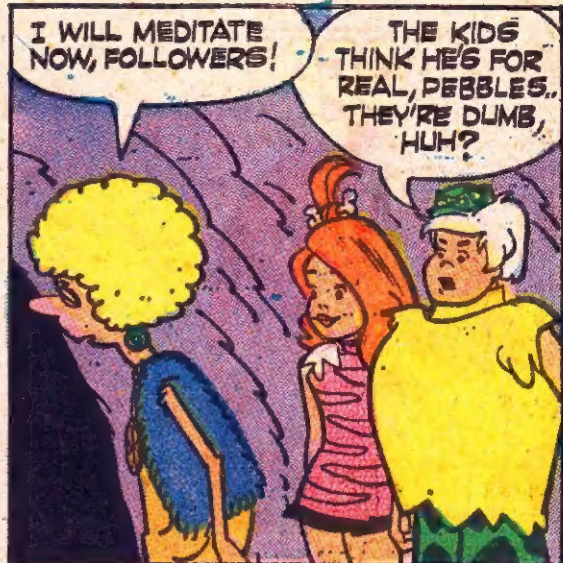
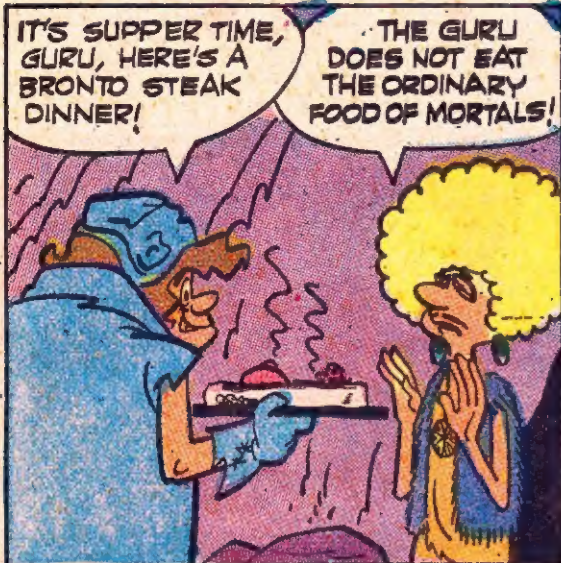


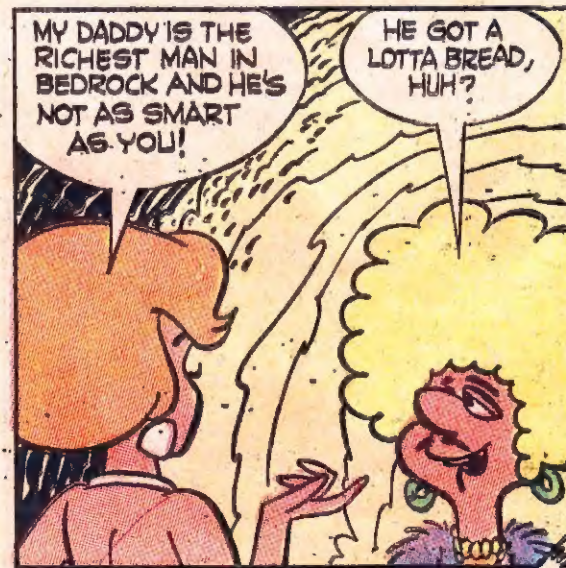
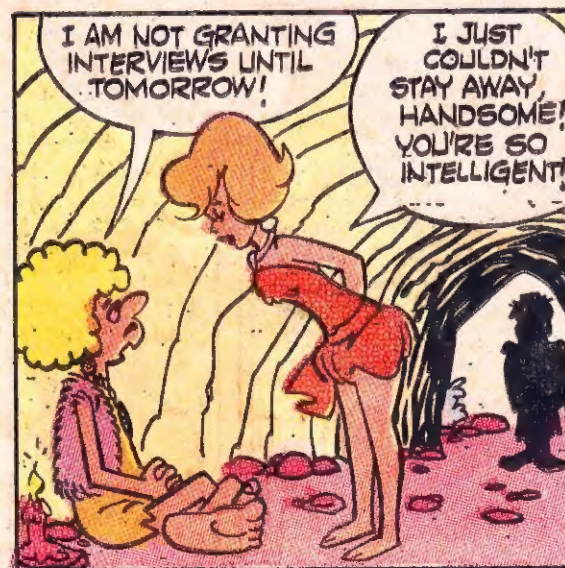




TEEN-AGE PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "WHAT'S NEW, GURU?"

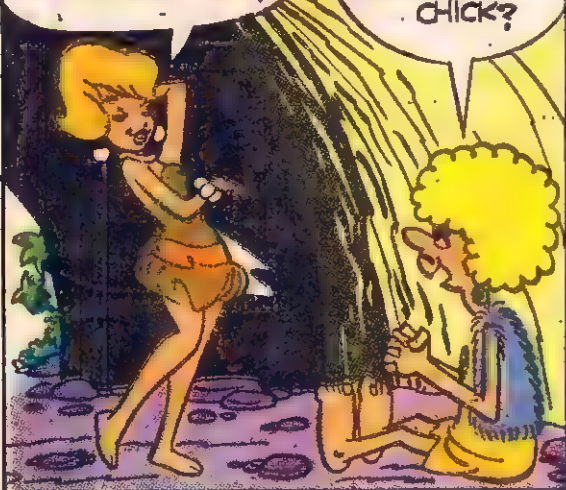






OH, YES,,, HE OWNS
ALL THE BAKERIES!

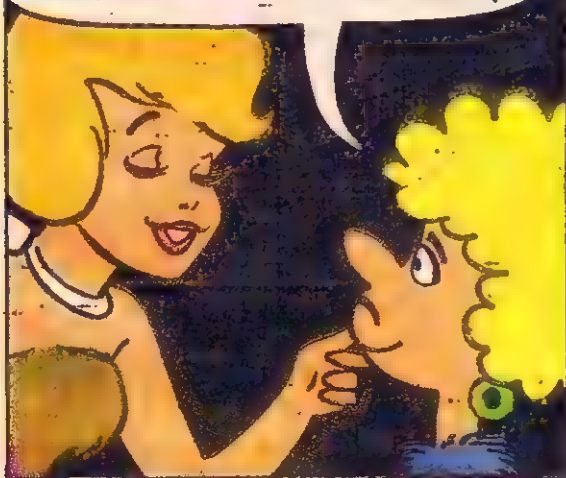
SOUNDS COOL!!
WANTA BE MY
CHICK?



CALL FOR ME AT SEVEN, GURU,,,
DADDY WILL BE HOME THEN,,, I'LL
TELL HIM WHAT A FINE YOUNG
FELLOW YOU ARE!

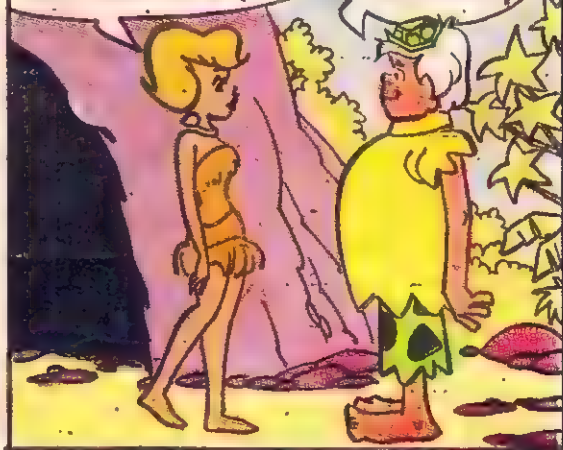


I'LL TELL HIM TOO SO HE'LL
KNOW YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH!



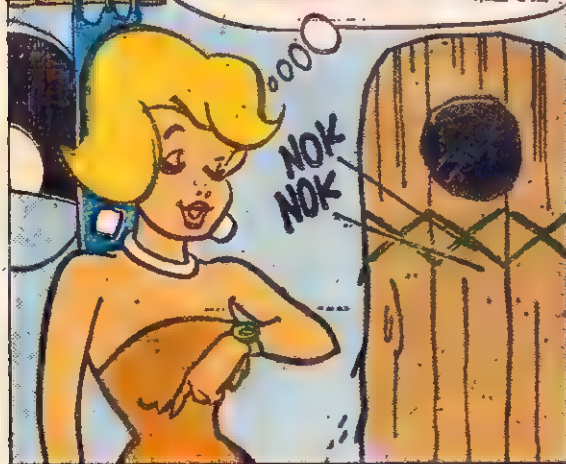
HE'S COMING TO THE
HOUSE BUT MY FATHER
WON'T BE HOME!

THAT'S OKAY,
CINDY,,,,, I'LL
BE THERE!



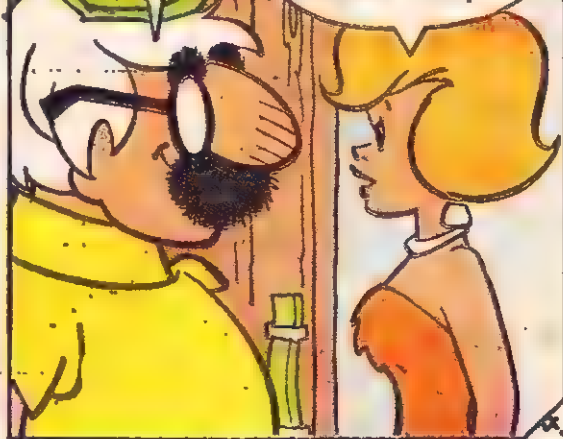
LATER

IT'S ALMOST SEVEN,,, THE
GURU WILL BE HERE
WHERE'S BAMM-BAMM?

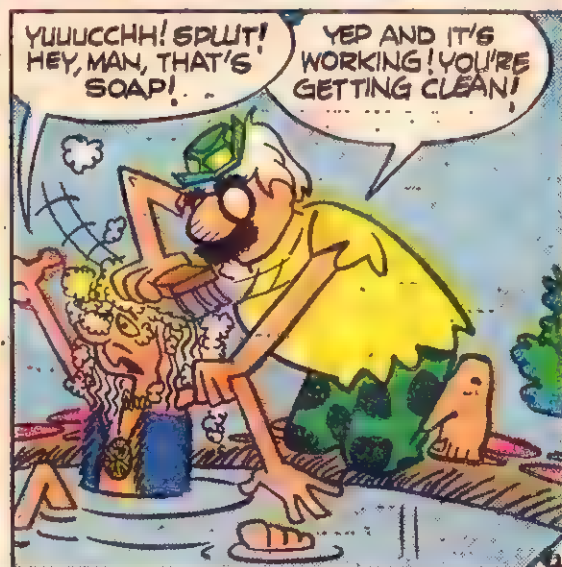
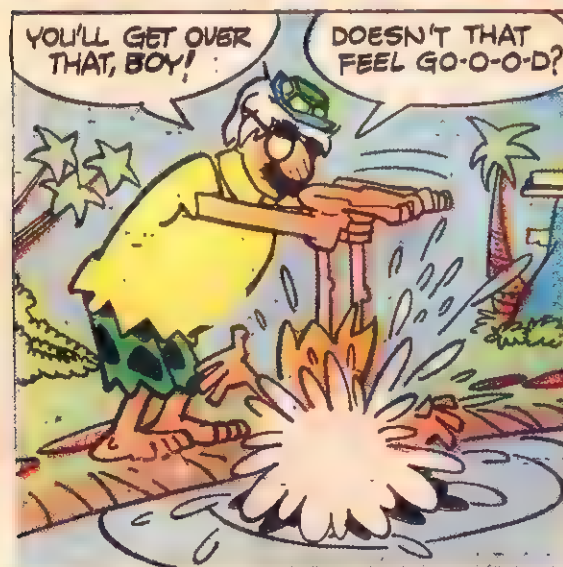
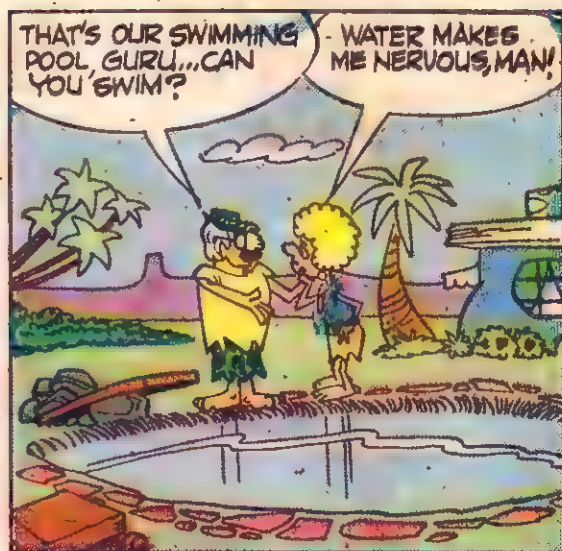
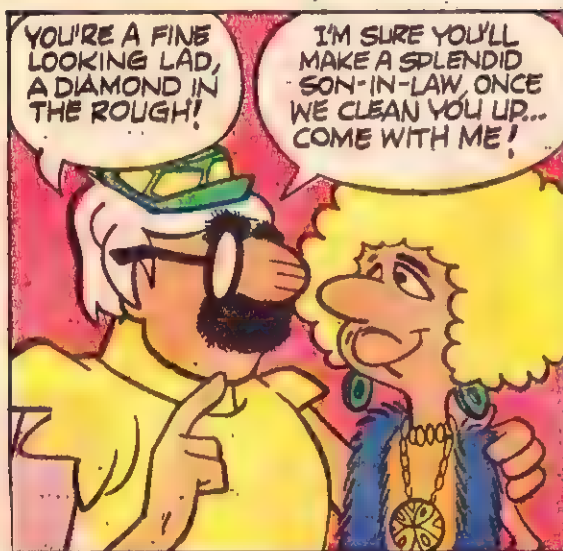
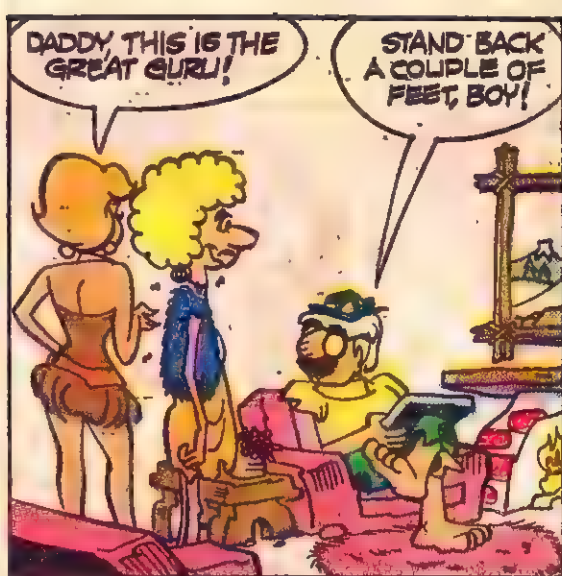
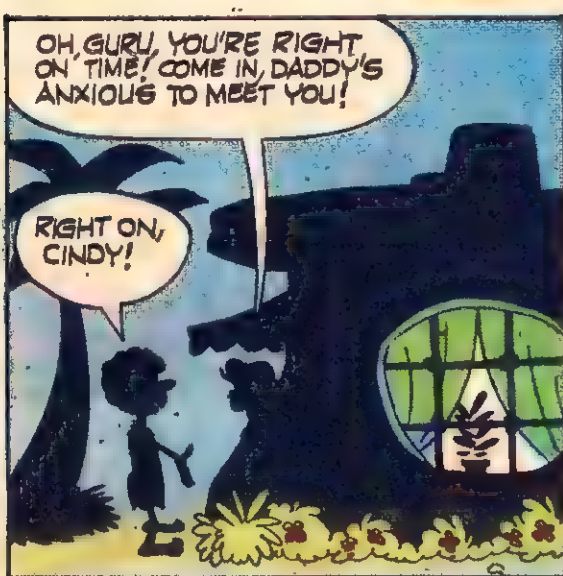


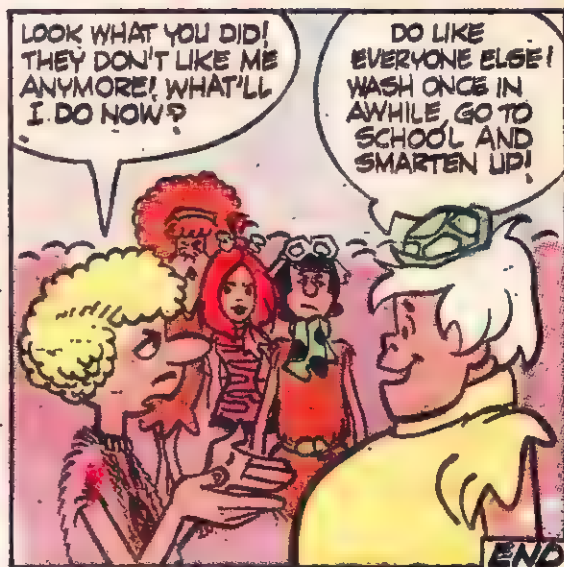
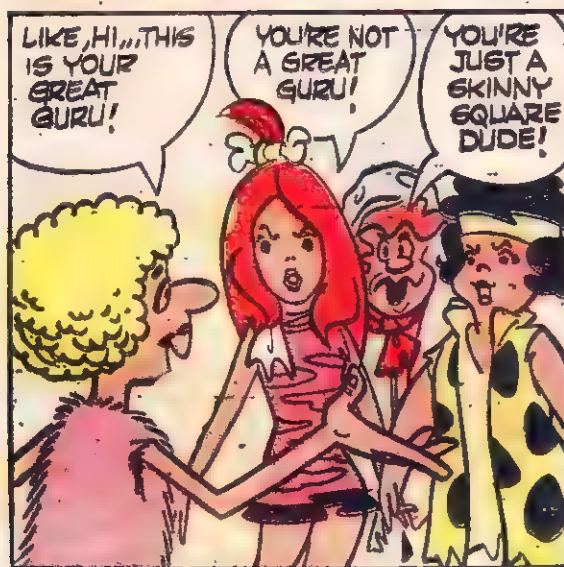
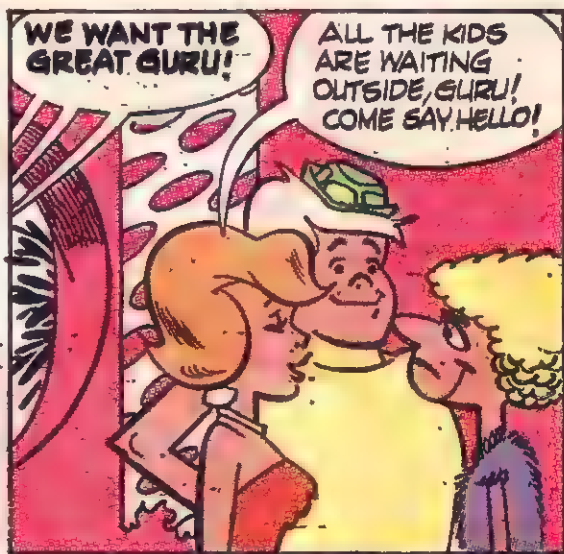
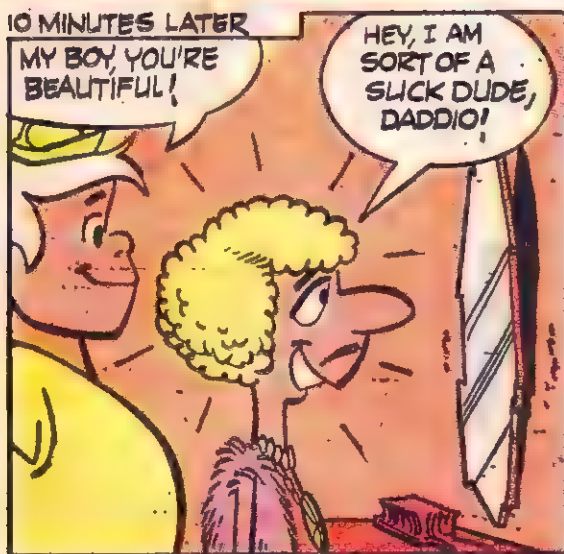
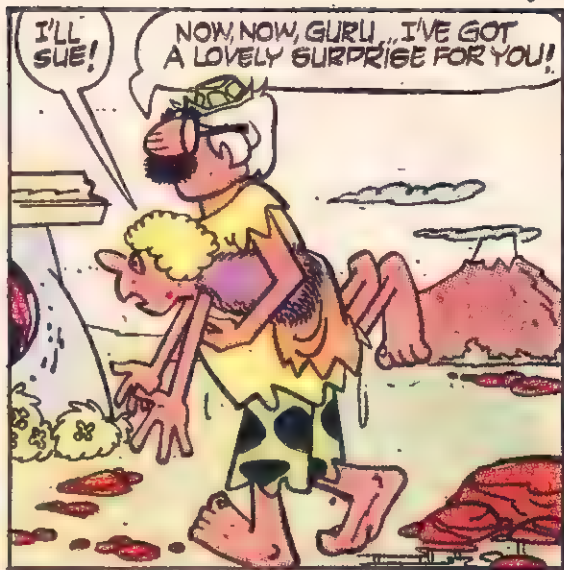
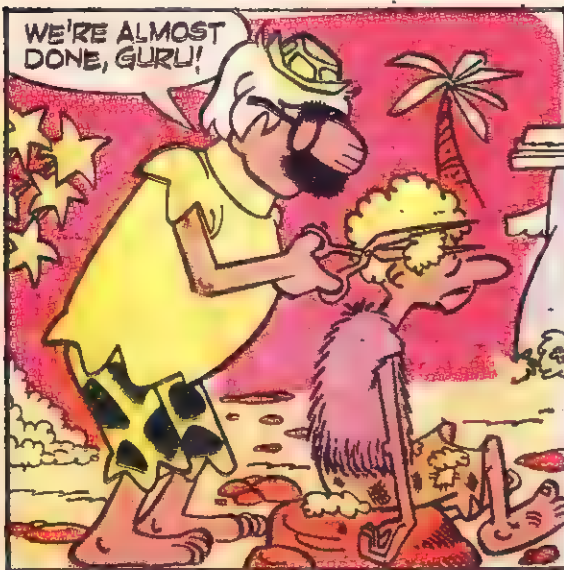
HERE I AM...
HOW DO I LOOK?

TERRIFIC,
BAMM-BAMM!
THERE'S SOMEONE
COMING NOW!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE





STORY-
AGE

PEBBLES - BAMM-BAMM IN "THE PUNT"

IT'S USELESS, ZONK, I
CAN'T TEACH YOU TO
KICK...YOU'RE TOO
STUPID!

THUNK

D-1286

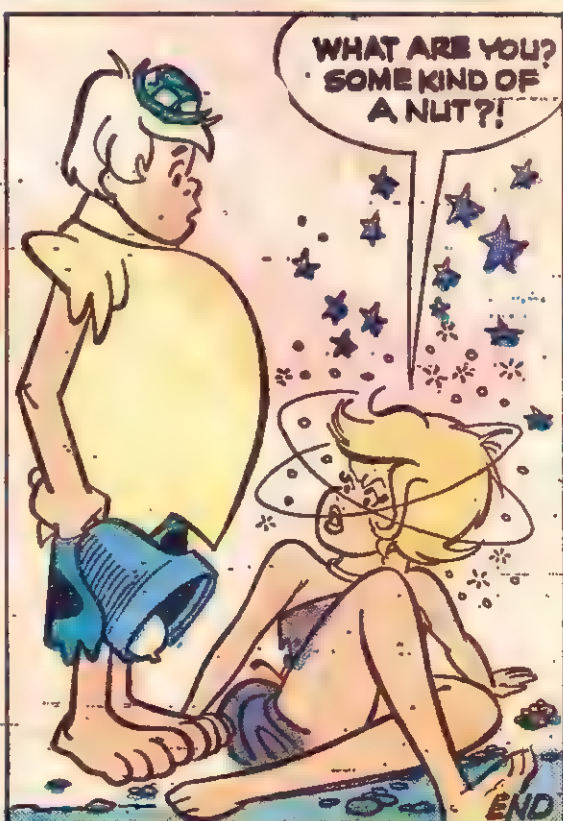
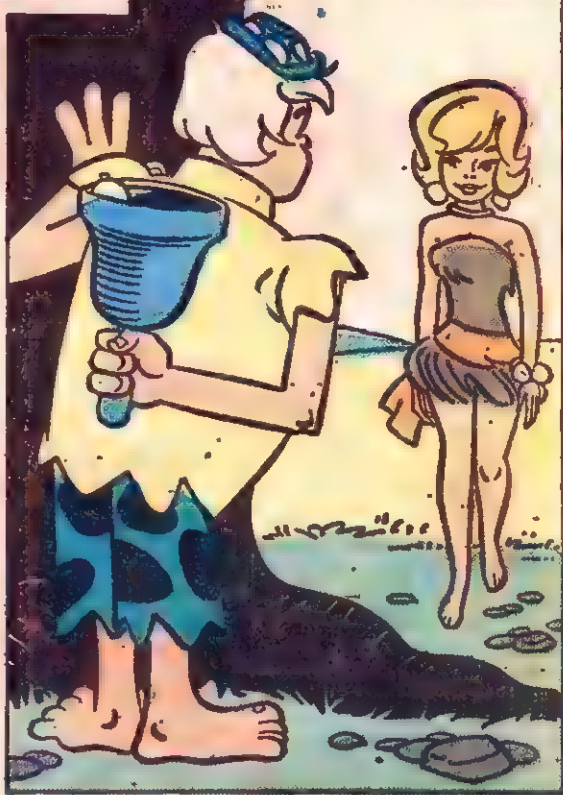
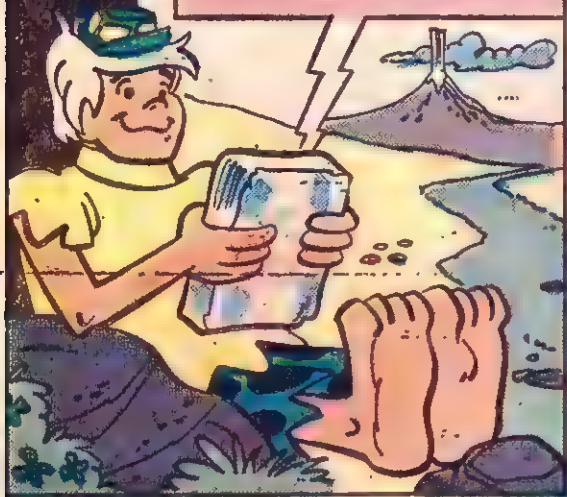
OH, YEAH?!

BY GOLLY!
I THINK
HE'S GOT
IT!

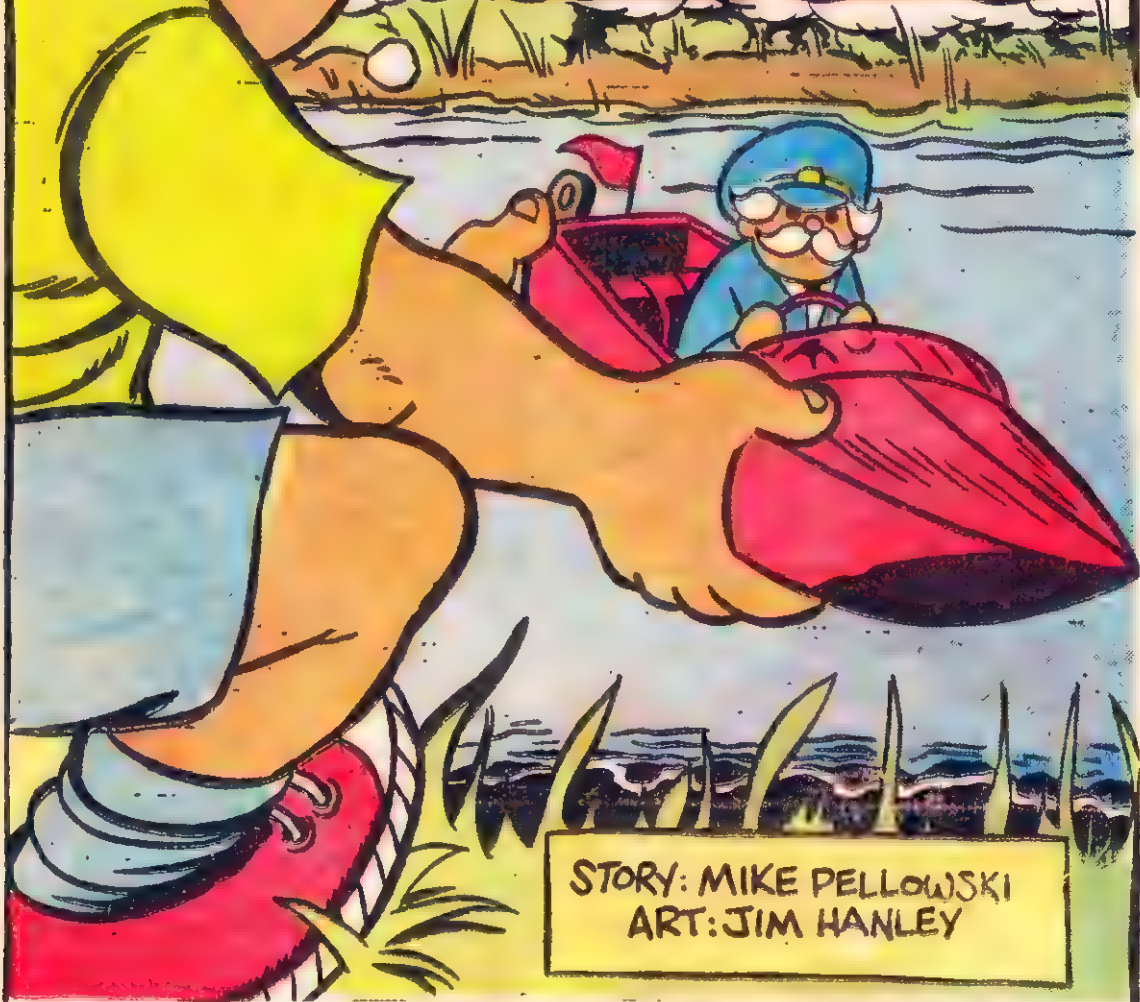
END

LOVE BELLS

THEIR EYES MET...
THEIR HANDS TOUCHED...
THE SOUND OF RINGING
BELLS CARESSED HER
EARS... SHE KNEW THEN
THAT SHE LOVED HIM!



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS



STORY: MIKE PELLOWSKI
ART: JIM HANLEY

The little boy who owned Captain Salty didn't know that the captain was made by an old toy maker who was a retired magician. Some of the magician's magic had rubbed off on the toy sailer doll when the captain was made. Captain Salty could move like a real person if he wanted to. He had feelings like a real person and liked to do the things real people did. Of course, Captain Salty kept his magic power a secret. If the little boy or his parents knew Captain Salty could move by himself, it would probably frighten them.

The Captain pretended to be an ordinary doll when anyone was watching him or playing with him. When no one was watching, the Captain did what he liked to do best. What the Captain liked to do best was sail his own ships. Usually, he was the Captain of a toy

Yankee Clipper ship that the boy played with whenever it was bath time. Captain Salty had sailed his toy clipper ship from one end of the bathtub to the other. He liked sailing his ship across the tub but the Captain was an adventurous sailor who liked excitement.

The Captain liked to test himself and his seamanship by navigating dangerous waters. Captain Salty was thrilled when the little boy took him outside to play on one, hot, summer afternoon. "Oh boy! Maybe I'll get a chance for some real excitement!" thought the Captain. The little boy took Captain Salty and a toy motorboat, with a wind-up engine, over to a wide, babbling brook near the boy's house. He put the Captain behind the wheel of the

motorboat and began to wind up the engine. He finished winding it and placed the motorboat in the brook.

The motorboat began to speed across a calm pool of water in the creek. "Wow! This little outboard isn't as classy as my clipper ship — but it sure moves fast!" said the Captain to a fat frog who was sunning himself on a rock in the middle of the brook. "It's

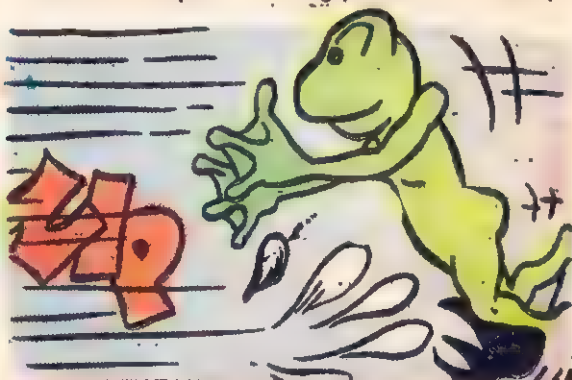


snazzy all right. Still, I'll bet I can beat you to the other side of the brook!" answered the frog challenging the Captain to a race. "Meet me on the creek bank and I'll race you back." agreed Captain Salty.

The motorboat reached the other side and the boy leaped across the brook to wind it up again. The frog swam to the side of the creek and waited for the Captain's boat to be put back into the water. The boy put the motorboat in the water and the Captain yelled "Go!". The frog jumped into the water as the motorboat sped away. It was a close race but the motorboat won by a nose. The Captain's boat nudged its hull onto the dry land of the other side. "You have a nice ship, Captain ... but, I don't think you could run the brook's rapids with it," said the frog as he pointed

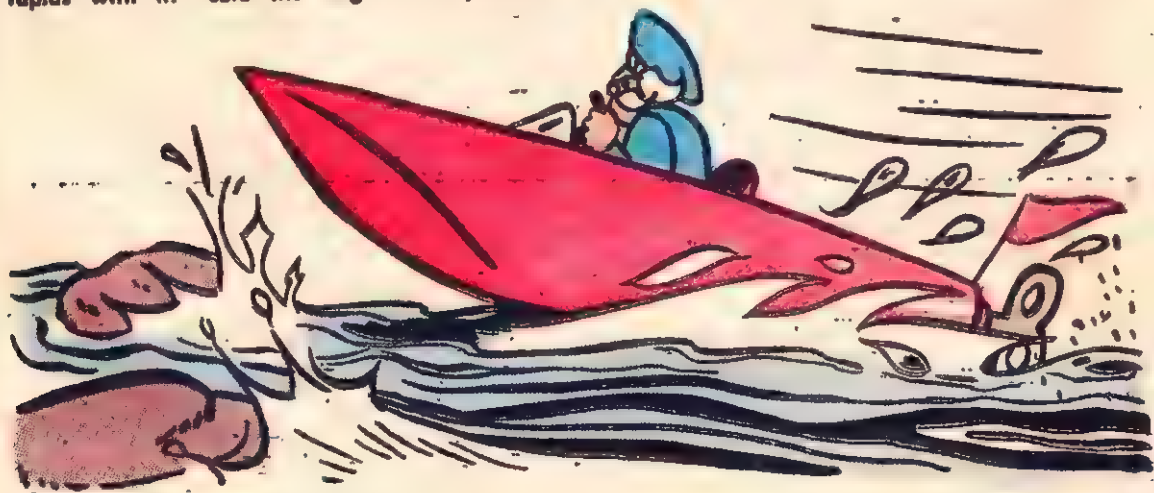
downstream. Captain Salty looked downstream. He saw that at the end of the calm pool, the creek water flowed very quickly. He could see the white foam where the water of the brook splashed against hidden rocks.

"It looks dangerous! Must be quite a thrill to shoot the rapids," he answered. "Why not try it?" said the frog. "The boy-thing is throwing stones into the brook. He's not watching us. He won't even notice that you're gone until it's too late!" "Okay!" agreed Captain Salty. "Help me wind up the engine." The Captain sat behind the wheel while the frog turned the key that wound up the spring motor. "Let her go, frog!" ordered the Captain. The frog pushed the little, toy



boat out into the brook's swift current. Captain Salty turned into the current and headed for the white-water rapids.

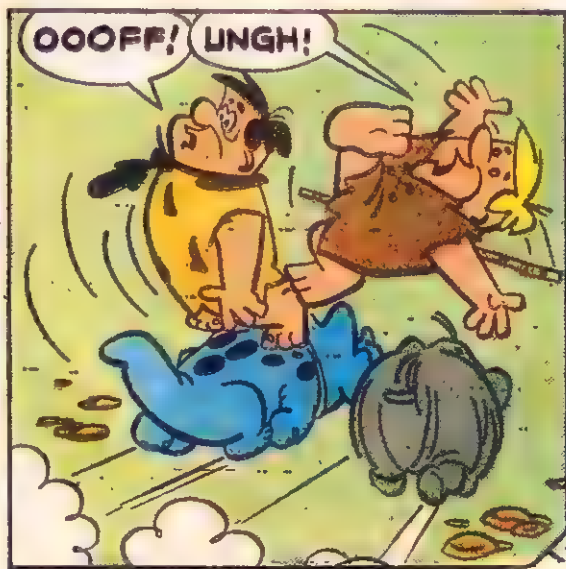
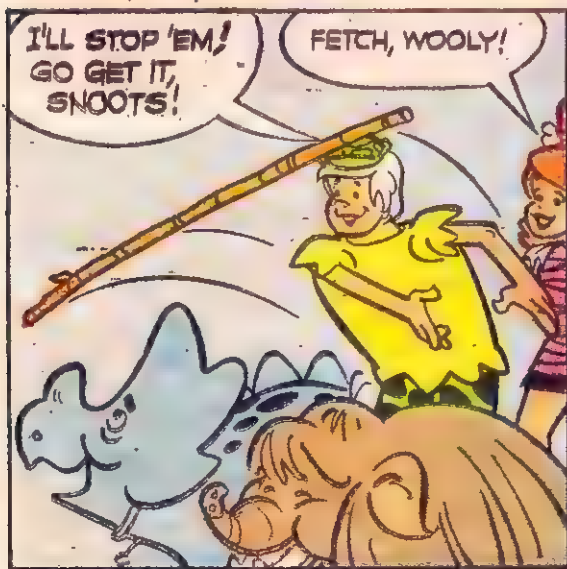
The little motorboat bounced up and down as waves splashed across the boat. Captain Salty was soaking wet but he held the steering wheel steady. He guided the sleek boat over the rapids and between huge rocks sticking out of the water. He was having so much fun that he was scared to death. "I'll be glad to sail in the bathtub for awhile if I live through this!" he shouted as his boat almost tipped over. Finally, after a long and bumpy ride, the rapids disappeared. He guided the speedboat to the shore. The Captain sighed in relief. The little boy ran over and picked up the boat with Captain Salty in it. He carried them back to the house.

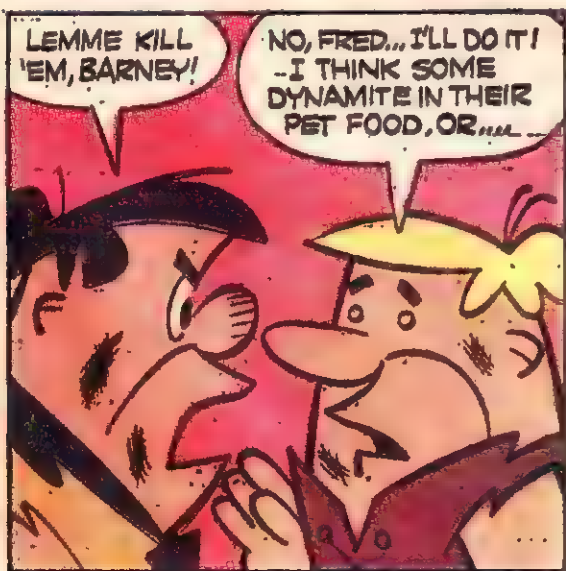
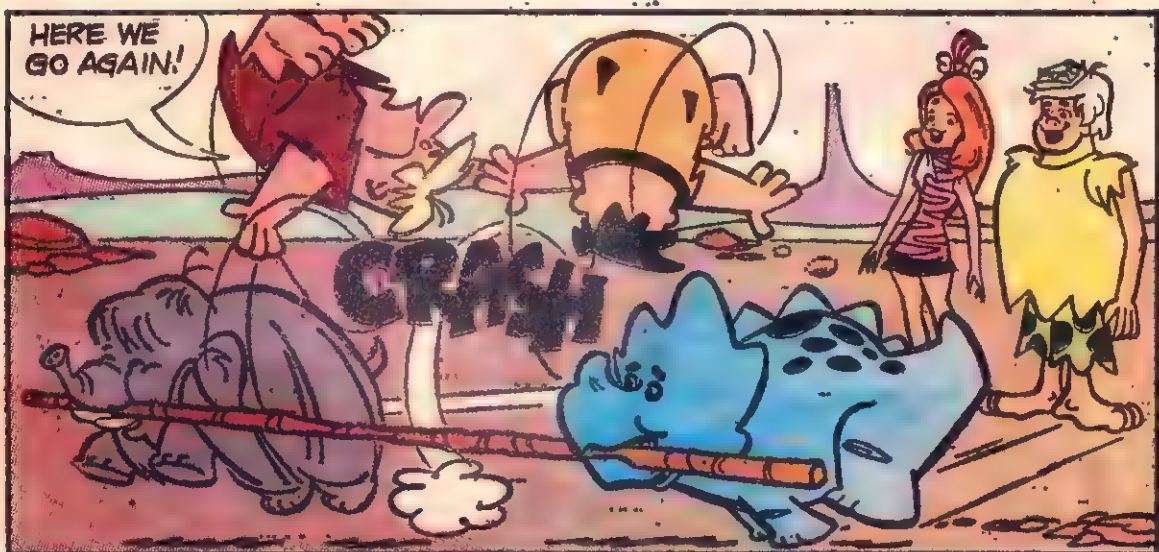
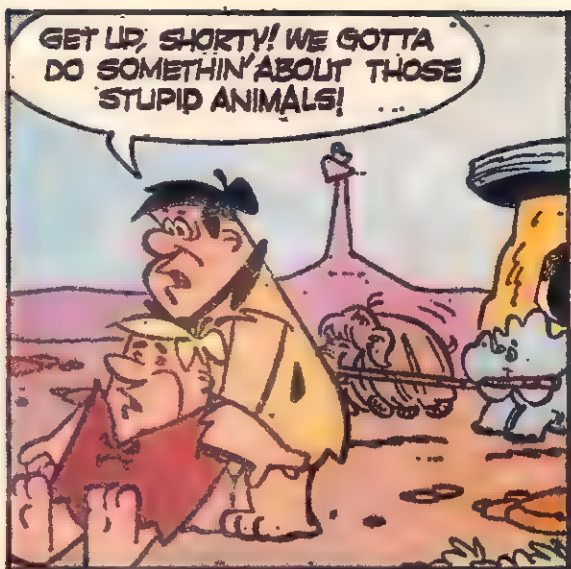


TEEN-AGE

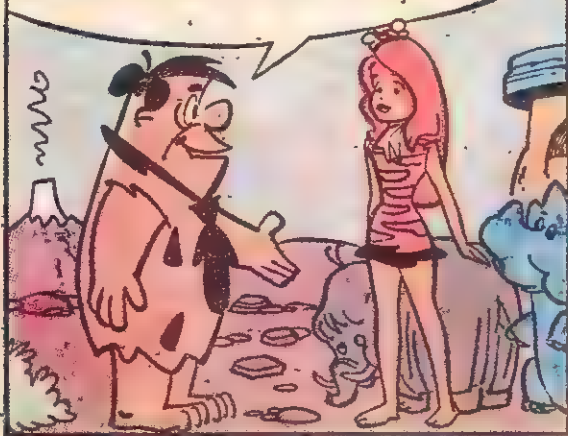
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"OH, DOCTOR"

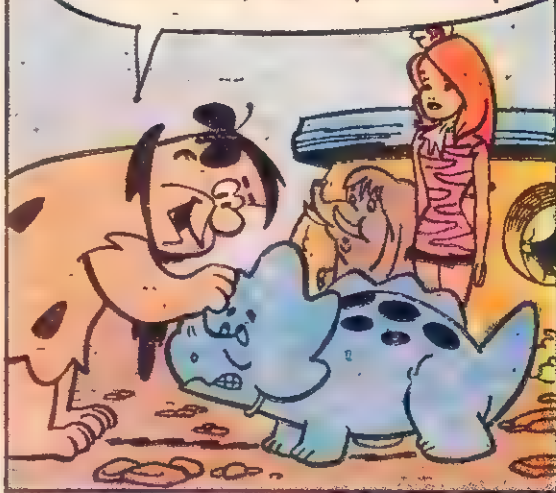




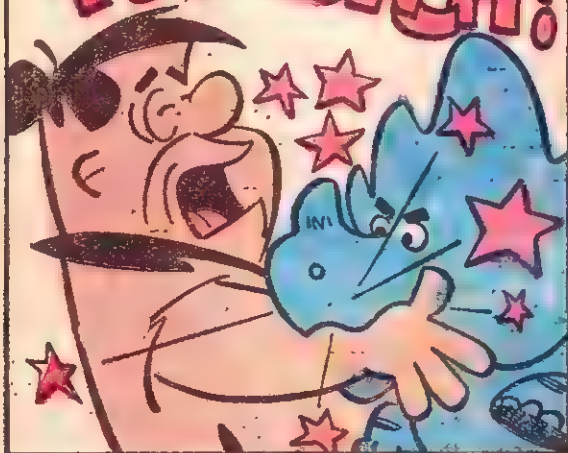
SHUCKS, PEBBLES, ME AN' UNCLE BARNEY LOVE ANIMALS! SNOOTS AN' WOOLY LOVE US TOO... C'MERE, SNOOTS! I WANTA PET YA!



SEE? SNOOTS AIN'T AFRAID OF OL' UNCLE FRED, ARE YA, SNOOTS?



YE LOOWEH!

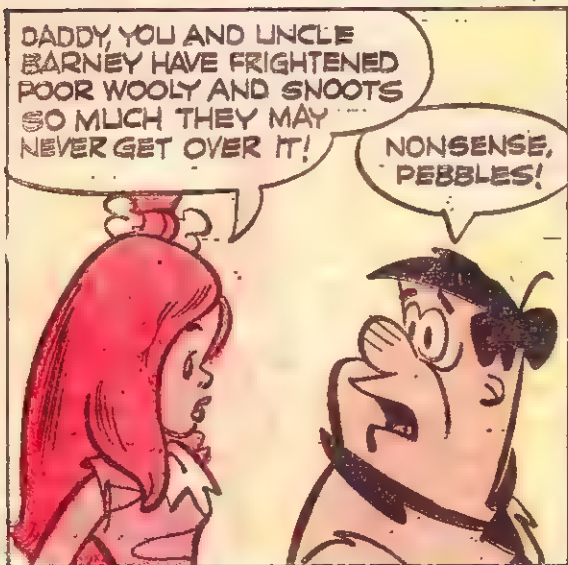


NO, FRED, DON'T DO IT!

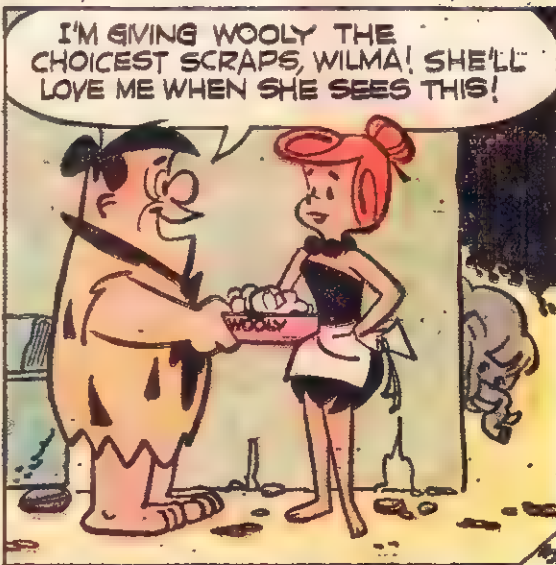


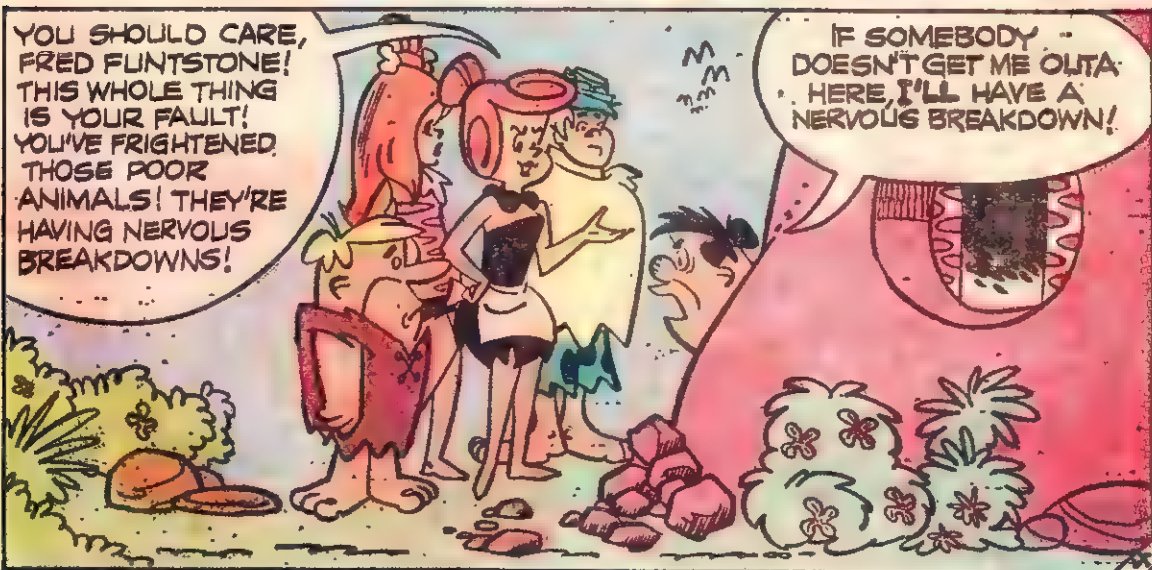
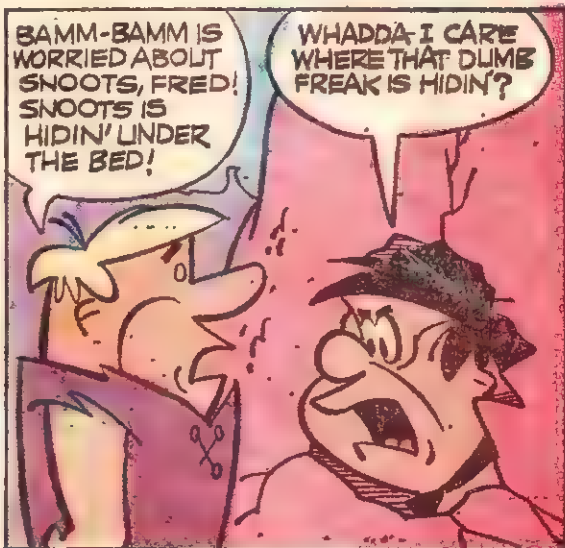
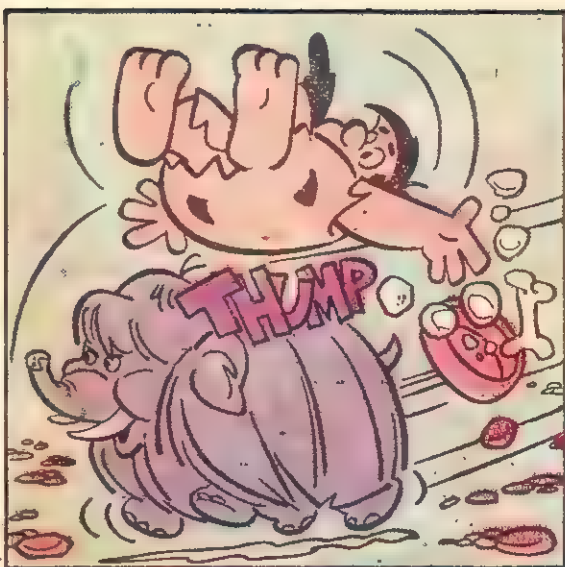
DADDY, YOU AND UNCLE BARNEY HAVE FRIGHTENED POOR WOOLY AND SNOOTS SO MUCH THEY MAY NEVER GET OVER IT!

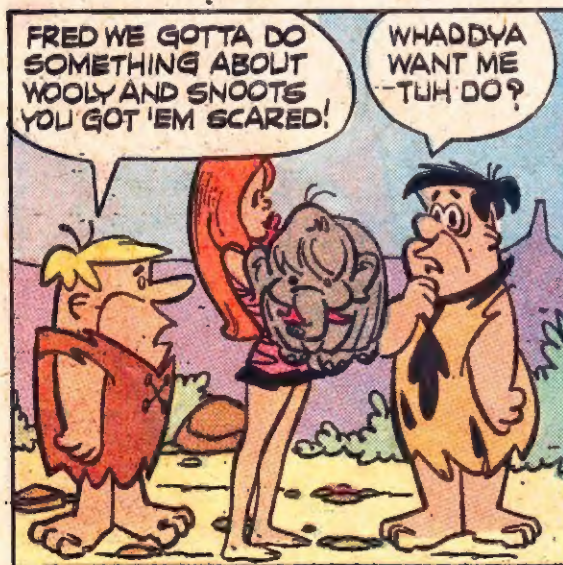
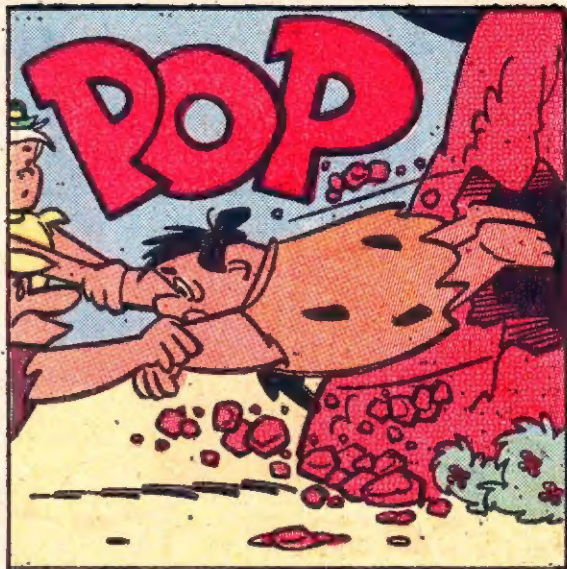
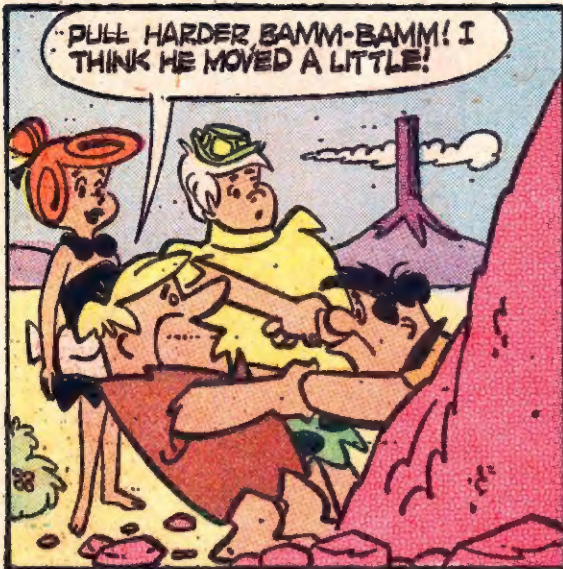
NONSENSE, PEBBLES!

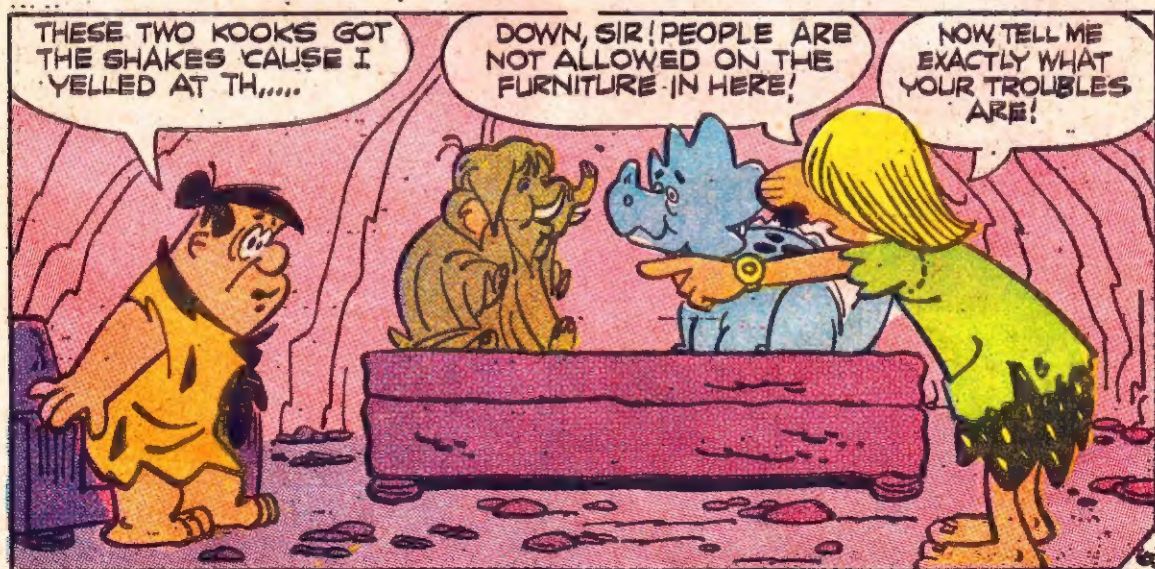
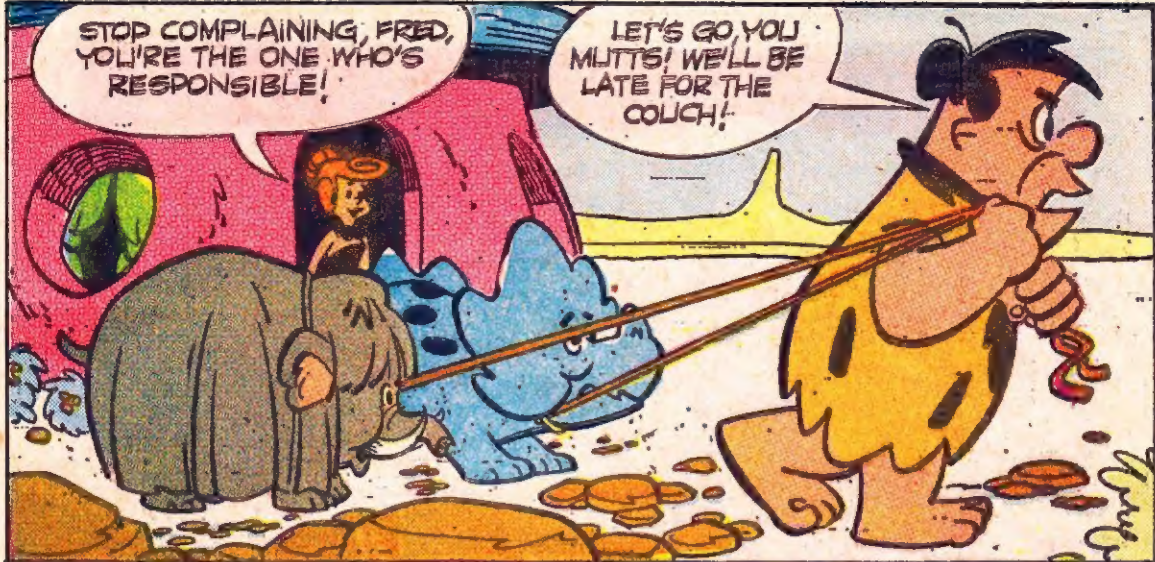


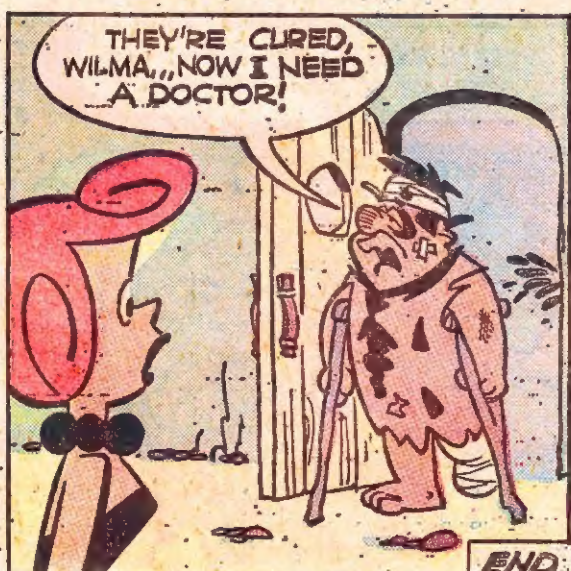
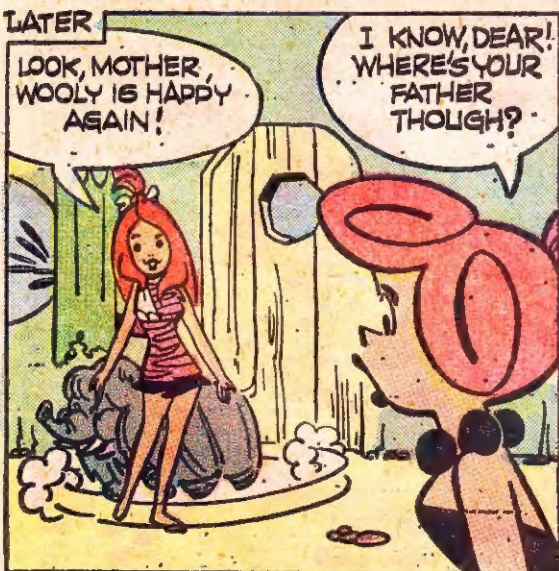
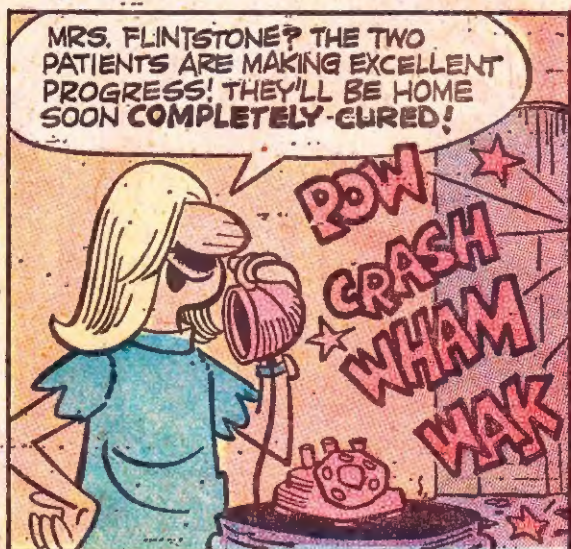
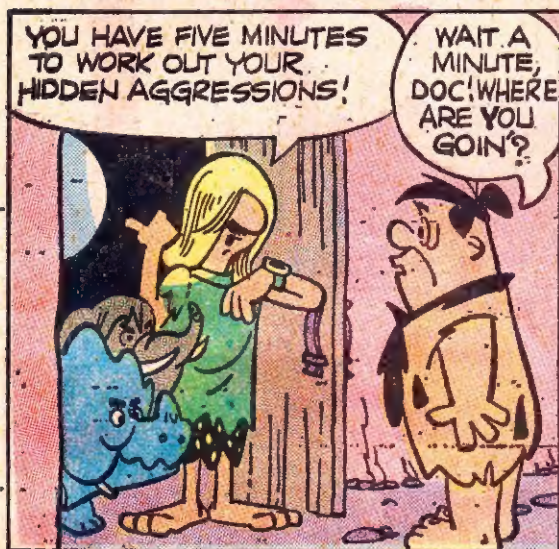
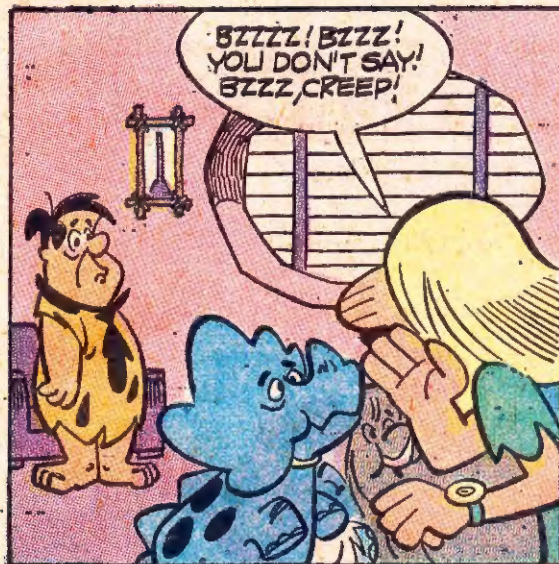
I'M GIVING WOOLY THE CHOICEST SCRAPS, WILMA! SHE'LL LOVE ME WHEN SHE SEES THIS!











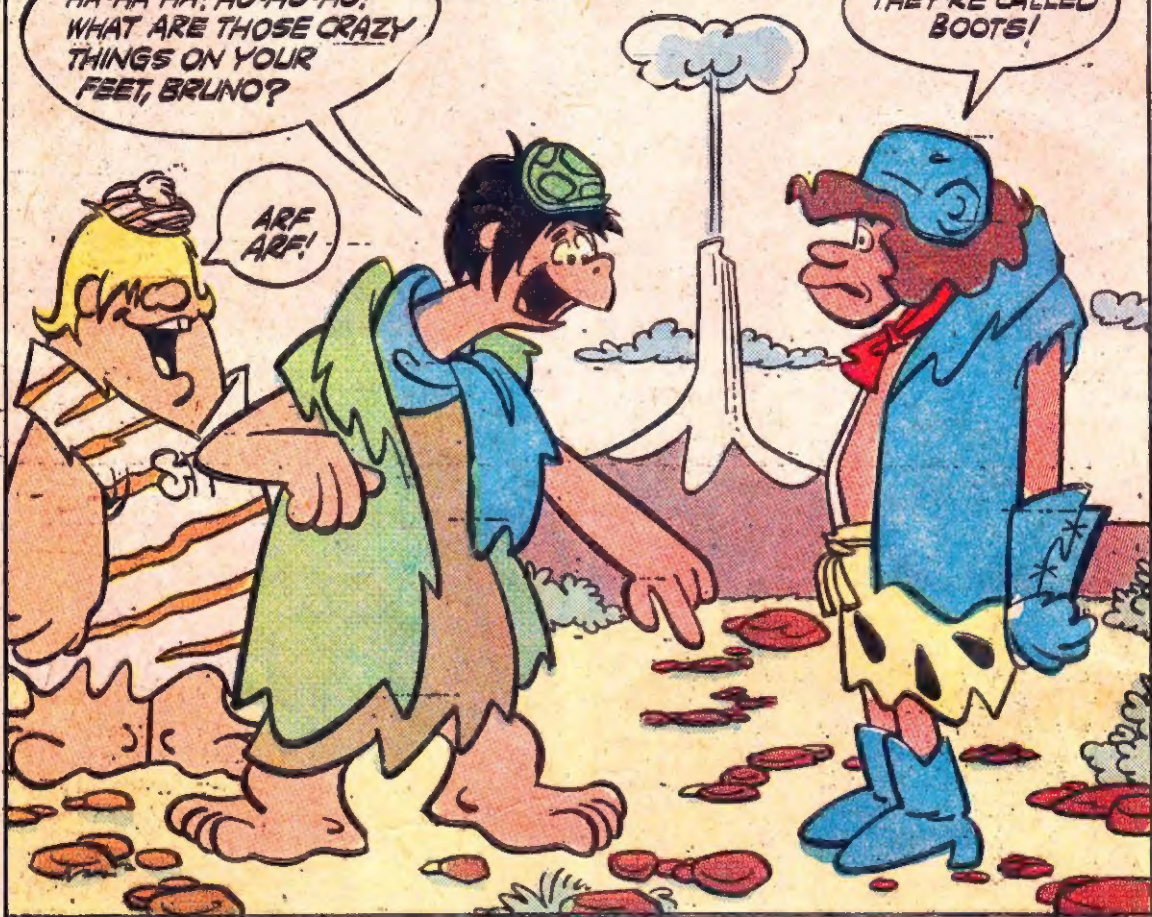
TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "STOMPED!"

HA-HA-HA! HO-HO-HO!
WHAT ARE THOSE CRAZY
THINGS ON YOUR
FEET, BRUNO?

ARF
ARF!

THEY'RE CALLED
BOOTS!

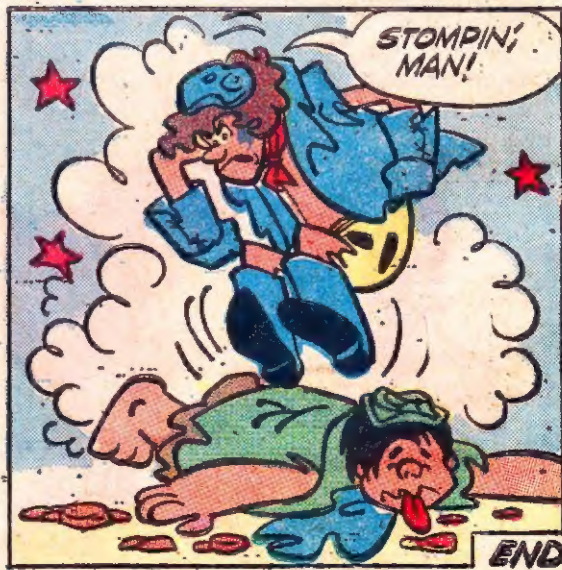


YOU SURE LOOK GOOFY IN
THEM...WHAT ARE THEY FOR?



D-7076

STOMPIN'
MAN!



END